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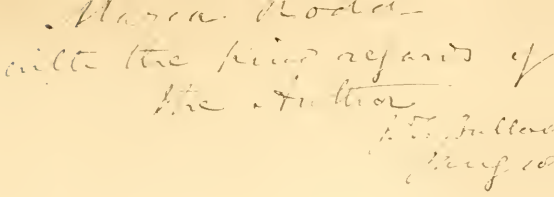

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BY

J. T. B.

LONDON:
EDWARD WEST,
17, BULL-AND-MOUTH STREET, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.
1852.

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WITH THE DEEPEST FEELINGS OF REGARD

AND GRATITUDE

TO THE AUTHOR'S OLD AND VERY KIND FRIEND,

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF YARBOROUGH,

THIS VOLUME

IS, BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED.

LONDON, AUGUST, 1852.

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PREFACE.

The following miscellaneous Poems, the result of efforts to banish harassing thought from lonely hours, have, at the earnest wish of several kind friends, been arranged in a collected form.

By far the most of them, as the pieces will themselves convey, were preserved only for the amusement of the Author's children—yet, he trusts he may not be considered presumptuous in hoping they may also afford some pleasure to others.

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SACRED.

SACRED.

THE DAWN AFTER THE FLOOD.

I.

"Let there be light!" and at the word a ray
Unveil'd the perfect bliss of Eden's bowers;
"Let there be light!" and lo, the God of day
Brought o'er the tranquil space the rosy hours—
Night then to her apportion'd course withdrew,
And young creation rose as innocent as new.

II.

So pure a dawn—the first created man,
Form'd in the image of his Maker, view'd;
He could survey the horizon's boundless span
Without an humbling sense of solitude:
But, see! the sun renews his course serene;
Again the mists divide, but o'er a different scene.

III.

"Go forth, lone bird—with liberty array'd;
No man's dominion ruleth, waiteth there!
The floods are still—the wrath of Heav'n is stay'd,
And mercy floats upon the suff'ring air:
Some sign of earth returning thou may'st bring:"
Thus Noah spake, and freed the fear-expanding wing.

IV.

It 'scapes—returns—as yet the depths allow
To weary wing and wand'ring foot no rest;
No verdure yet is seen—no fav'ring bough
In shelter'd grove—no leaf for downy nest:
So, like the dove, the faithful hearts and meek,
The Ark of God alone in weary journeying seek!

V.

The patriarch then another bird released,
Fowl of a stronger wing—of earth more fond!
It fled, and wand'ring onward, never ceased
Its carrion flight, until the waste beyond,
Of varied kind, it found decaying food,
And never tidings brought of land and less'ning flood.

VI.

How like to those the unclean bird appears,
Who love this earth, and things of time and sense;
Who seek no lasting home, but on through years
Live on the world's corrupting influence!
The good man then sends forth a second dove,
And, lo! she quick returns with branch of hope and love.

VII.

"Father of all that was—and is—all mine
(Spared by thy special grace thy name to praise!)
To bless thy seat of mercy—throne divine,
On cleansed earth an altar first I raise;
And here, with lifted hand and bended knee,
I bow to Thee alone, and Thy supremacy."

VIII.

Thus Noah pray'd, and thus the Mighty Lord—
The great First Cause—the Everlasting One,
Pronounced His will: "No more th' avenging word
Shall curse the ground for man to evil prone;
But cold and heat, and time of seed and grain,
And day and night shall be whilst nature's laws remain.

IX.

"Behold with thee, thou holy man, and thine,
And on thy seed, and every thing with thee!
O'er all that lives my covenant shall shine
That no return of wasting flood shall be."
And, lo! the clouds display'd the rainbow's span,
Seal of Jehovah's pledge to frail and fallen man.

X.

Then mark, my child, and whensoe'er you view
Upon the weeping clouds the radiant bow,
Remember well God's promise kept for you,
And let from grateful heart your praises flow!
Praise that your life is spared with pitying eye,
And time prolong'd for you to learn to live and die.

ABRAHAM'S OFFERING.

I.

"JEHOVAH speaks," the Patriarch said.
"His will, not mine, be done;
The faithful can no trials dread!
No pangs, my only son!
Child of my bosom! nature's dew
Would veil Moriah's hill,
If parent-love were more for you
Than for his Maker's will.

II.

"Haste, then, my boy, to meet the day
Above the mountain's brow;
And as we welcome each fresh ray
So let the heart's deep flow
Of humble adoration rise,
Upon th' appointed way,—
And thou, my heart, the sacrifice
With cheerful zeal obey."

III.

The faith which first the patriarch moved
God's precepts to obey;
And home and country, all he loved,
To leave in earlier day—
In deeper power and beauty shone
In age—when *he* was given,
His only child, the promised son,
An offering to Heaven.

IV.

Then Abraham with Isaac took
His course, ere dawn of day;
Devoid of doubt or ling'ring look,
And steadfast kept his way,
To Zion's sacred height, and where
'Twas told, by Heaven's decree,
The sacrifice he should prepare,
The offering should be.

V.

And thus they journey'd onward, till
They hail'd the sun's arise,
Above the dew o'er Hermon's hill,
Then Abr'ham lift his eyes—
Eyes, that a fond, yet holy fear,
Had weigh'd the journey through!
Now beam'd above the day-break clear,
The distant height in view.

VI.

Moriah reached, the summit's brim
Approach'd with hallowed tread,
To bondmen that attended him,
Thus holy Abraham said,
"Abide ye here—the journey done,
Whilst yonder I repair,
With Isaac, my only son,
To bow to God in prayer."

VII

The guileless youth obedient stood,
His willing shoulder bent,
To take and bear himself the wood
A parent's hand had rent!
Then, "Oh, my father," Isaac said,
"The fire and wood we bring;
And soon the altar will be made:
But where the offering?"

VIII.

"God will provide,—the mighty God,—
His will, not mine, be done;
Submissively I kiss the rod,—
An offering,—my son!
My heart's lone treasure, far more dear
Than all the world to me,
I bring with holy love and fear,
My sacrifice to be."

IX.

The patriarch then outstretch'd his hand,
With knife, o'er Isaac bound,
Obedient to his Lord's command,
To make the fatal wound;
When, lo! upon the solemn scene
An angel voice declared,
"Thy fear and faith so firm has been,
Thine only son is spar'd."

X.

Then lifted trustful Abraham
His eyes to where the sound
Proceeded from, and, lo! a ram
Within a thicket bound!
"Behold, my son, an offering sent
By never-failing Will;
Then kneel and praise th' Omnipotent,
On this His holy hill."

XI.

This narrative of faith and love,
Of God's sufficient grace,
In Him, the lukewarm heart should move
A surer trust to place.
Proof of the Gospel's fadeless word
And light, th' account supplies—
A Saviour's cross at Calvary
It plainly typifies.

XII.

Then mark, my children, thro' your day
Of life, with many a snare,
(Frail hearts upon a treach'rous way
Deprived of parent care,
Whilst hoping, striving earnestly,
To learn the good from ill),
That faith can never perfect be,
Without obedient will.

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

"Go, wash in the pool of Siloam."
John ix. 7.

O Lord, my Saviour, deign to give
Thy saving help to me;
That every moment spared to live,
I may come nearer Thee:
Grant me thy truth and fadeless light
To guide my steps from sin and night.

As he, to darkness born, was sent
To pure Siloam's fount,
May I be led obedient
To Zion's holy mount;
Led on by faith and duty there
To bless thy mercy, love, and care.

To praise thy name that Thou hast shown
The Gospel light to me;
In darkness born, a sinful one,
Too vile to look on Thee.
To pray that in this world of strife,
I may discern the way to life.

That way which Thou alone, O Lord!
  Hast purchased with thy blood,
For all who will fulfil thy word,
  And live in purpose good.
Oh! grant that with such light I may
Not blindly lose the path to perfect day.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

I.

Two men, with prayerful intent,
Within the holy temple went,
But each a diff'rent way,
A Pharisee and Publican,—
And thus the former one began,
Within himself to pray.

II.

"Lord, in thy presence I aver
I am not an extortioner;
Or, like my fellow-man—
Adulterer, or e'er unjust.
Within my soul I've no distrust,
As yonder Publican.

III.

"A week does never pass o'er me,
But twice I fast; and, Lord, to Thee
Pour out my heart's distress:
I follow strictly every rite;
I pay my tithe to smallest mite
Of all that I possess."

IV.

Whilst thus, with haughty boasting, he,
The proud, self-righteous Pharisee,
In lofty accents pray'd:
The Publican, in spot remote,
In lonely whisper, knelt, and smote
His stricken breast, and said,—

V.

"Spare me, a sinner,—spare, O God!
I bow beneath a crushing load,
In suppliance to Thee:
I dare not raise towards the sky
My guilty hand and weeping eye,—
Be merciful to me."

VI.

This parable, from Holy Word,
A bright example doth afford
Of deep humility;
It tells us, too, that, free from pride,
The Publican was justified
More than the Pharisee.

VII.

If then, in their conceit, the wise
Should dare another to despise,
As poor or lowly placed;
The meek they shall exalted see,
Whilst those who're raised to high degree,
Themselves shall be abased.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XV.

Lord, who in thy abode shall dwell?
Or who upon thy holy hill?
None e'en but he who doeth well,
And strives thy dictates to fulfil.

None but the true and pure of heart,
That have not used deceitful tongue,
Nor tried by any slanderer's art
To do unto their neighbour wrong.

Ee'n he who is not proud, O Lord!
Who only lowly looks can bear;
Who values him who loves thy word,
And to his neighbour truth will swear.

Who breaketh not his pledge, though he
Is injured by the strict regard;
Who lends not upon usury,
Nor takes from innocence reward!

Whoe'er will do these few things well
Shall never fall—shall never die;
But in thy tabernacle dwell
In happiness, eternally.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXV.

I.

With sinking spirit, failing eyes,
O Lord, I turn to Thee:
A contrite heart thou'lt not despise,
Then suffer not my enemies
To triumph over me.

II.

In Thee my hope alone shall be,
In Thee my trust I'll place;
When trouble then oppresseth me,
And time of dark adversity,
Hide not from me thy face.

III.

All they who, with a wilful mind,
Thy holy laws transgress;
Shall nothing but a world unkind,
Sin—suffering—and confusion find,
Despair in their distress.

IV.

Oh ! show me, Lord, the living way,
And lead me in Thy truth ;
Remember not in this, my day
Of trial, need, and health's decay,
The offences of my youth.

V.

Thy loving kindness ever shewn,
And mercy grant me still ;
For Thou art good—and Thou alone
Canst succour me, a fallen one,
Of poor and feeble will.

VI.

Oh ! think of me—in mercy, think ;
Correct me—yet, O Lord !
Withhold thine anger, lest I sink
Beneath the depths by sorrow's brink,
And perish at thy word.

VII.

Teach me, of resolution weak,
The paths of truth to trace ;
Thy ways with humble steps to seek,
And Thou, who never fail'st the meek,
Direct me with thy grace.

VIII.

Oh! spare me, Lord,—and may my sin
So great, no more increase;
May I, with earnest zeal, begin
To follow Thee, and surely win
The paths that lead to peace.

IX.

Him, who the Lord Jehovah fears,
Will He in safety guide—
With soul at ease tho' troubled years,
And tho' o'erwhelming care appears,
On life's consuming tide.

X.

The land his offspring shall possess
Till earth shall pass away;
To him the Lord His righteousness
Will shew, and on his heart impress
The path to endless day.

XI.

To God I'll lift mine eyes for e'er,
And pray for peace divine;
And He will feel my inmost care,
Protect me from the hidden snare
Unholy men design.

XII.

Oh! look upon me, desolate,
Too worn distress to stem
While scornful hearts upon me wait,
And enemies with cruel hate;
But Thou canst scatter them.

XIII.

From sin, O Lord, preserve me free,
Forgive imperfect dust—
Let righteous dealing rest with me,
My God—for I have placed in Thee
My only hope and trust.

XIV.

To chosen race of Israel
Vouchsafe thy mercy, Lord;
And may all those, in whom doth dwell
Thy saving truth—ne'er cease to tell
Of Thy eternal word.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXXIX.

I.

I WILL, unto my ways take heed,
Offend not with my tongue;
Until from sinners' presence freed,
For fear of doing wrong.

II.

My mouth as with a bridle hold,
Whilst evil doers scoff;
Life is but as a story told,
A vapour passing off.

III.

Whilst harden'd hearts more sinful grow,
My tongue shall silent be
From even doing good; although
'Twere pain and grief to me.

IV.

Thus in my mind contemplating,
My feelings rise above
The things of earth—and thus I sing
To heaven in song of love.

V.

Teach me, O Lord, to know mine end,
And number of my days;
That I from thoughtless paths may bend,
And turn to wisdom's ways.

VI.

To know how short mine age must be,
To feel, and certify;
'Tis nothing in respect of Thee
Whenever I may die.

VII.

My years are but a little span—
As they advance they flee
And fade away—Oh! what is man,
But living vanity!

VIII.

His earthly treasures pass away,
He labours, all in vain;
And what one gathereth to-day,
To-morrow others gain.

IX.

And now, what is my hope, O Lord?
'Tis truly e'en in Thee;
Whose love—whose mercy—and whose word,
Is all eternity.

X.

Of sin convinced, and all its woes,
Vouchsafe I may not be
A scorn and a reproach to those
Who will not turn to Thee.

XI.

I will not murmur at the blow
Thy chast'ning hand may give:
In mercy all afflictions know,
That they may better live.

XII.

In meek submission, Lord! I pray,
My sins Thou wilt remove;
And grant that I, from day to day,
May more deserve thy love.

XIII.

When Thou rebukest—lo, the form
Of man, so fair to-day,
And beautiful; a canker worm,
Will fret and wear away.

XIV.

Like as the moth, by slow degree,
Destroys with dire control;
So surely, and as stealthily,
Doth sin consume the soul.

XV.

Oh! hearken to me;—see the tear
That flows from spring of care:
Am not I, Lord, a stranger here,
As all my fathers were?

XVI.

Oh! spare me!—yet a little, give,
Of life, O Lord! that I
May strive the better how to live,
And better learn to die.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XLVI.

JEHOVAH is our hope and strength,
A present help in time of need;
And therefore though the hills be moved,
Our hearts from terror shall be freed.
Tho' o'er the sea the hills be swept,
Shall courage in our hearts be kept.

What, though the raging waters swell,
Their tempest even mountains shake—
Right glad the city of our God,
The rivers of the flood shall make.
His tabernacle nought can stir,
For He is in the midst of her.

The heathen's tumult loud is heard,
And kingdoms move in proud array;
Yet, at our God's almighty word,
The universe shall melt away.
The Lord of Hosts is our abode,
Our refuge is in Jacob's God.

O, come! behold, and contemplate,
What wond'rous works the Lord can do;
The earth he can make desolate,
All war to cease, and break the bow;
The chariot burn, and snap in twain
The spear; God never speaks in vain.

Be calm, my soul, Jehovah reigns—
As yesterday—for e'er the same!
The heathen shall, with holy strains,
And furthest nations praise his name.
Our only help is from above,
Our refuge is in Jacob's God,

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM LXXVII.

To God with trusting voice I cry,
In Him will I confide;
And He will hear me—not deny
His aid; there's none beside.
I've sought my God in lone distress,
In my continued grief;
And when, in hours of heaviness,
My soul found no relief.

Should I be tempted to despair,
If my poor heart should sink,
Beneath the burden of its care,
On God alone I'll think.
'Tis He sustains my waking eyes
Since I am brought so weak;
My tongue all utterance denies,
I have no power to speak.

I'll turn my thoughts to time foregone,
To days—to years misspent;
To mark the wickedness I've done,
For my afflictions sent.

I'll commune with my heart, and try
My soul in hour of night—
His mercies call to memory
Before the morning light.

Will God cast off, and must not I
His help again implore?
Hath promise fled for ever by?
Can hope return no more?
Will He withdraw his grace from me—
A contrite heart despise?
It is my own infirmity,
My sinking soul replies.

His wond'rous works in memory,
His works of ancient days,
I'll ponder well—and they shall be
My song of love and praise.
How righteous are thy ways, O Lord!
All justice springs from Thee;
Thy merciful and mighty word
Sets all thy people free.

The depths perceived thy majesty
And instantly obey'd;
The waters shrank—and were of Thy
Omnipotence afraid.

The troubled clouds Thine arrows dealt
Throughout the weeping air;
The suffering earth thy judgments felt
In terror everywhere.

Within the floods, and wide and far
As ocean's bounds have been,
Thy ways, and paths, and footsteps are,
Which eye hath never seen.
By Moses' and by Aaron's hand,
Thy wandering ones of old,
Were safely brought to promised land,
Like sheep to surest fold.

Then, oh! my soul, in thy distress,
Feel not devoid of friend;
But through life's dreary wilderness,
On God alone depend.
In stedfast purpose doubt dispel
Though sunk in sorrow deep;
And in thy grief, remember well,
He careth for his sheep.

PARAPHRASE ON THE FOURTEENTH PORTION OF PSALM CXIX.

I.

A PILGRIM through the wilderness
  Of life, to promised land;
Grant me, O Lord, in my distress,
  Thy never-failing hand.

II.

Thy word's a lantern to my feet,
  A light unto my way;
My guide, tho' raging tempests beat,
  And cloud my lonely way.

III.

With stedfast purpose wandering,
  To full obedience sworn;
I rest on hope's unerring wing,
  To greet th' eternal morn.

IV.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to stubborn will,
Thy truth in nature's road;
'Twill lead me to thy holy hill,
To Thine unseen abode.

V.

With song of praise, O let me call
To Thee on trembling knee;
I know the meanest cannot fall
Unheeded, Lord, by Thee.

VI.

My life, how frail! So easy lost,
As if but in my hand:
Yet I'll not swerve, though tried the most,
From all Thou dost command.

VII.

Though sinners may lay wait for me,
To turn my heart from right,
Thy perfect law shall ever be,
My portion and delight.

VIII.

Then should misfortune o'er me heap,
And false be every friend,
I know, 'till I shall fall asleep,
Thy mercy will not end.

IX.

Thy Spirit, Lord, my heart alone
With goodness can instil;
Then will I strive, till life is done,
Thy mandates to fulfil.

X.

So day by day may I improve!
Redeem the misspent past:
So may I walk with Thee in love,
Unwav'ring to the last.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXXIII.

I.

To Thine abode beyond the skies,
O Lord, I lift my longing eyes;
  Deliverance alone I crave
Of Thee, my God; Thou knowest well
The broken heart's consuming swell!
  And Thou alone canst save.

II.

Whilst struggling on, a wanderer here,
Oppress'd, yet I will banish fear,
  Confiding all to Thee—
The sinking soul anew must rise,
When from o'erwhelming enemies
  Thy mercy sets it free.

III.

Lord, what is man Thou dost respect!
And child of man Thou would'st protect
  From sin's alluring snare?
And why should I, a wayward thing,
Unworthy of Thy cherishing,
  Receive Thy constant care?

IV.

As servants seek their master's aid,
When by disease and suff'ring made
To feel adversity;
On Thee my sorrowing eyelids rest,
For Thou wilt succour all distress'd
Who truly turn to Thee.

V.

Bestow Thy bounteous mercy, Lord,
On those who love and trust thy word;
And make the scornful know,
How at the last Thou wilt remove
The meek to fadeless bliss above,
The proud to endless woe.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
Whilst, Zion, we remember'd thee;
Our harps the saddest silence kept,
Suspended to the willow tree;
The mournful breezes moaning by
Alone could rouse their melody.

II.

They that have led us, bid us sing
In foreign land, a captive throng,
In heaviness and suffering,
Our praise in Zion's former song:
But how the Lord's song can we sing
In stranger's country sorrowing?

III.

Jerusalem, if ever I
Should fail to give a thought for thee,
Or mourn in my captivity,
May all my skill forgotten be
To strike the harp's melodious string,
My power and feeling withering!

IV.

Remember, Lord, in Salem's day,
How Edom's children help'd to swell
The misery of her decay,
The enemies of Israel—
And join'd destruction's cry around,
"Her altars level to the ground!"

V.

Oh, Babylon! a day of doom
And just reward on thee shall come;
In misery wasted—happy he
Who aids the hand destroying thee.
And bless'd be he, who 'gainst the stones,
Shall dash thy helpless little ones.

LINES SUGGESTED BY PART OF THE EIGHTH CHAPTER OF ST. MARK.

I.

Seek thou, my weary soul, the Lord,
While yet He may be found;
And doubt not His unerring Word,
Though gloom be spread around.
Seek Him alone in time of need,
Who with Almighty pow'r
The sinking multitude could feed,
In hunger's craving hour.

II.

Seek *Him*, my soul, with love profound,
Without whose searching eye
A sparrow cannot fall to ground,
The meanest cannot die.
And He who clothes the flow'rs of field,
And hears the young birds cry,
Will fail thee not; then never yield
To life's adversity.

III.

Confide in Him—and Him alone—
  Who can make pity flow
From hard'ning heart,—and prosp'rous one
  To feel for other's woe:
Who to the weary sure relief
  O'er sorrow's waste can bring—
Those that can feel another's grief,
  And soothe misfortune's sting.

TO MY SON.

PARAPHRASE ON THE SECOND CHAPTER OF WISDOM.

"My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation."

I.

My son, if thou the Lord would'st serve,
From honest purpose never swerve;
And thus in constancy prepare
To meet temptation's subtlest snare.
As human nature 's never free
From evil thoughts, they'll come to thee.
Affliction to the weak and wise
Is sure to come, as sparks arise.

II.

Remember now, in day of youth,
Thy Maker, God of love and truth;
Preserve thine heart aright, and He,
In troubled hours will succour thee.
To all his chast'nings meekly bend,
That thou may'st share, when life shall end,
Increased reward; and whatsoe'er
Your suff'ring is, that meekly bear.

III.

Though great the trial dealt to thee
Submit in silence, cheerfully ;
And if reduced to low estate,
The Lord's own time in patience wait ;
For like as gold by fire is tried,
Till cleansed from dross and purified,
So man's condition proved must be,
In furnace of adversity.

IV.

Let all your trust in God be laid,
And He will ne'er withdraw his aid ;
Let love direct your way aright,
Let faith in Him be your delight ;
And wait his mercy :—Those who fear
The Lord of Life with truth sincere,
His tender care will succour all :
Then wait his mercy—lest you fall.

V.

Let holy fear for Him prevail
Through life, for He will never fail
To care for them in ev'ry grief
Who place in Him unfeigned belief.
Oh ! fear and pray for that bless'd peace
Which passeth knowledge, ne'er will cease—
Peace that will never pass away !
And Joy that dwells in endless day !

VI.

Look back to generations old,
And ponder well their history told—
Were any to confusion driven,
Who placed entire trust in Heaven?
Did God the lowliest heart despise,
That look'd to Him with trusting eyes?
The Lord will never turn aside
From those who in his love confide.

VII.

Full of compassion is the Lord,
In mercy plentiful his Word—
Of goodness bountiful to spare
A suff'ring soul in time of care;
But woe to doubting hearts, and hands
Too faint to do their Lord's commands!
And woe to him who fears and prays,
Yet will not leave unholy ways!

VIII.

Woe unto him of feeble heart,
To him who but believes in part!
All who will not in faith depend
Alone on Him, He'll not defend;
Woe unto all devoid of pow'r
To wait his time; for in the hour
Of sure affliction journeying through
A vale of tears—what will they do?

IX.

O! love the Lord with holy fear,
My son, and seek his word to hear,
Love Him with all thine heart ; for they
Who love the Lord his laws obey.
O fear the Lord, and ever try
To please Him in simplicity ;
For they who love Him, He will bless.
And fill their hearts with righteousness.

X

All they who fear prepare their soul,
With honest heart and meek control
To do their Maker's will alone,—
And they will cry, as journeying on,
"To mortal hand we ne'er will fall,
But to our God, who ruleth all ;
For as his Majesty is great,
His mercy none can estimate."

THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

I.

The Lord will be my constant guide,
If I with love sincere,
And faith and hope in Him confide;
Then what have I to fear?

II.

If, wand'ring on, through weary night
Of sorrow, sin, and pain,
I turn to Him for saving light,
I shall not turn in vain.

III.

Then trust, my soul, in God alone,
Seek Him in early youth!
He gives to ev'ry faithful one,
The knowledge of his truth.

IV.

If wicked men, like beast of prey,
Design to injure me;
If enemies, and even they,
My friends, would faithless be;

V.

If 'gainst me, journeying trembling on,
An host of them be laid;
My courage, strong in God alone,
Will never be dismay'd.

VI.

Then grant that I through life may kneel,
My God, to Thee, in love;
And in thy courts a foretaste feel,
Of peace which reigns above.

VII.

So shall I be in time of care,
A stranger still to fear;
For Thou wilt bless the orphan's pray'r,
And sanctify his tear.

VIII.

On Thee alone will I depend—
Thee only I'll confess—
Who dost the widow's cause defend,
And shield the fatherless.

IX.

So shall my soul in sure repose,
Await Thine own good time,
And pray to hear when life shall close,
The angels' praises chime.

DOMESTIC

AND

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALONE WITH MY CHILDREN.

Is there a gloom hangs o'er me now,
And makes the salt springs swell?
Is there a grief that pains me now,
My Nora can't dispel?
Her smile is not of mere pretence,
Nor yet her love so mild,
Combining mirth with innocence:
God bless my darling child!

A charm like this, so sweet, so pure,
Though for a season lent,
Makes me submissively endure
Life's sorrow with content.
Against this frail, waybeaten form,
Whatever ills combine,
It matters not how great the storm,
If Nora's love be mine.

And you, my little man, as dear,
I cannot love you less;
But turn'd your first and infant year,
You heed not my distress.

So joyous,—like to bird of Spring,
That sports from tree to tree,—
'Tis well, that from my sorrowing
Your little heart is free.

The gay and merry morning now
Of life, and all before it,
Is breaking o'er that careless brow,
Yet treacherous mists hang o'er it!
I dare not think that you must live,
My poor and helpless one,
Without the best guide life can give;
But Heavenly Will be done.

May treasures such as these, my share,
In all their time to come,
Ne'er want a kind protector's care,
Nor yet an honest home:
Soon may they learn that life's a span,
And, as in years they grow,
To trust alone in Him who can
A better home bestow!

LINES SUGGESTED WITH MY BOY.

Thou canst only remember, my dear little son,
The beloved one that bore thee, by name;
Your desolate pilgrimage had but begun,
When the blast crush'd her delicate frame.
And yet must thou know her; for friend hath impress'd
On thy mind from its earliest day,
The heart that protected thee, cherish'd, caress'd,
As the morning of life pass'd away.

True friendship hath taught thee all this, and has told
Thee her love and her generous smile;
Such knowledge will cheer thee when life is grown old,
And when little is left to beguile.
A fond mother's name! e'en as mem'ry decays,
Will survive with its primitive joy.
'Tis true! and yet sorrow a whisper will raise,
"Thou canst know little of her, my boy!"

Still, as tenderly over this soft little face
A fond hand, and the gentlest, I move,
As warmly this innocent form I embrace,
I dare hope you remember her love:

Nay, a glow from my lone heart assures me you do,
As a beam from that merry blue eye
Conveys the same look which a mother's would show,
Ere her noonday of life had gone by.

Then stay with me, little man; give me the most
Of your company while yet you may:
It goes very far to restore what I lost
In the storm of adversity's day.
I know that you love me, and fret all the while
When I'm gone—and we're destined to part!
Then stay with me, little man; stay the sweet smile
That restores so much joy to my heart.

ON MY BOY'S GOING TO CHURCH FOR THE FIRST TIME.

With meek submission, Heavenly King,
Almighty God, and Lord!
I bring this poor and tender thing,
To hear Thy Holy Word.
How soon!—as reason's dawn expands,
Ere infant years decay,
To raise in faith his little hands,
And reverently pray.

To love the place of Thine abode,
And in devotion there
To celebrate Thy praise, O God!
And mercy everywhere;
To ask—a child of earth so frail—
For Thy continued care:
Father of all! Thou wilt not fail
To grant an orphan's prayer.

Approaching now Thy sacred court,
And where Thine Honour dwells,
Full of the vanish'd past each thought,
My stricken bosom swells.

I look upon this infant brow,
So calm and innocent,
And own in humbled accents low,
My days—how much mispent!

Corrected by Thy chastening hand,
May I the time redeem!
Yet who a moment can command
Of life—at most a dream!
'Tis borne upon the tempest's wing,
Like shadows passing by;
'Tis like to flowers of field, that spring
To blossom but to die.

Oh! may this child, remembering Thee
His God in day of youth,
Thy loving mercy, majesty,
Omnipotence, and truth,
Adorn Thy courts in after years,
And at the close resign
His spirit, cleansed by sorrow's tears,
In hope of bliss divine.

TO MY CHILDREN.

Oft do I wish to have again
My pets, ere they grow older;
For when life's spring is on the wane,
How soon the heart grows colder!

My sun, I'm told, hath not yet set,
Still flattering hope I trust not;
The heart subdued by deep regret,
Assures me that I must not.

How can I look for home new made?
When, lo! its spirit sleepeth.
They'd pine beneath the willow shade,
That o'er my dwelling weepeth.

To have them then in cherub glee,
A lonely hour to gladden,
Would chill their glow of infancy,
Life's gayest season sadden.

Oh! rather than in least degree
I'd check their spring of pleasure,
From them for e'er I'd banish'd be,
And thus fill sorrow's measure.

AT SEA.

Becalm'd upon the tranquil deep,
When night winds breathe no sigh,
What visions o'er my senses creep,
To hold my wearied eyes from sleep,
And freshen memory!

With wond'ring gaze o'er boundless space,
What former charms are view'd!
How many a smile of youthful face,
How many a look methinks I trace,
To brighten solitude!

Then, as each little orb serene
Its cheering lustre gives;
With them departed souls, I ween,
Repose; with them, in changeless scene,
The true heart ever lives.

And deeper than the midway sea,
Upon the starry sphere
Will busy contemplation be
With things for ever gone from me—
Too loved and treasured here!

Till, lost in fancy's rich repose,
The mind is strain'd to sleep ;
And drowzy zephyrs gently close
The veil o'er joy, which mem'ry throws
Upon the slumb'ring deep.

A BALLAD FROM THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

In Dauphiné there liv'd of old
A loyal man and strong,
Four noble sons had he, 'tis told;
Yet only one was warrior bold—
The hero of my song!

Pierre Bayard was his name; and he,
Aroused by war's alarms,
Whilst youth was gay and courage free,
Forsook his native roof, to be
Renown'd in deeds of arms.

For conquest and for war the rage,
Would blood like his inflame!
Then, as Duke Charles of Savoy's page,
In stirring and chivalrous age,
He sought knight-errant's fame.

His mother, in her castle tow'r,
Wept lone and bitterly;
For, oh! it made her spirits low'r,
To think at such an early hour
A child from her should flee.

But when she knew her gallant son
On steed was mounted well,
Bold, and impatient to be gone,
Him down she came to look upon,
And take a last farewell!

Her lips few words had power to say,
Yet they could not deny
The three injunctions, she would pray
Her boy to keep in adverse day
As in prosperity.

The first—To reverence his God
Before all things, and serve
Him truly through life's varied road;
And ne'er from resolutions good
Be known to shrink or swerve.

The second—Full of courtesy
To be to each estate
Of men—of high or low degree;
Nor talebearer, nor faithless be;
Nor yet intemperate.

The third—a mother's gen'rous care
Could never fail to show—
How much he should, in mercy, spare
The poor, if Heav'n a bounteous share
Of good gifts should bestow!

Pierre Bayard listen'd:—nor in vain
He pledged in danger's hour
A mother's precepts to maintain:—
Then turn'd he steed to battle-plain—
She, to her castle tow'r.

As years advanced he was beloved,
Devoid of all offence;
In bloody fight he kept unmoved
At post; and rich his valour proved
As his benevolence.

Yet not to rank or dignity
He rose from low estate:
He could not win by flattery,
By art of base servility,
The favour of the great.

But, though of just reward denied,
He gain'd a nobler prize:
His virtues, spreading far and wide,
Secured for him, on every side,
A fame that never dies.

A country's love dispell'd the blight
That hung o'er his career:
His fellow-men preserved his right;
They gave him title of "The Knight
Without reproach or fear."

How oft the desp'rate fight he'd brave,
With heart that could not yield
To danger; and how often have
A longing wish to make his grave
Upon the battle-field!

The war, by Francis often plann'd,
The Milanese to gain,
Gave wounded Bonivet's command
To Pierre, who was, with sword in hand,
Among the foremost slain.

Near Romagnano's blood-stain'd ground,
In full, yet close retreat,
Pierre Bayard met his mortal wound;
And many a warrior's heart around
With thrill'd devotion beat.

The conflict they could not renew;
But, with all-measured pace
Retiring, their protection threw
Around their wounded chieftain, who
Turn'd not away his face.

With eager eye he gazed upon
The foe, o'er field so gory
Advancing; and he thought alone
If left to him, he might have won
A field of fame and glory.

Another wound, whilst brandishing
His sword against the foe,
Increased the hero's suffering;
But still was courage in its spring—
He grasp'd his saddle bow.

At length exhausted, 'neath the shade
Of time-worn forest tree,
The warrior's shatter'd form was laid
A lifeless corse; and none could fade,
Loved more devotedly.

Each soldier wish'd his form to bear
From danger hov'ring round;
But he had breathed, in latest pray'r,
"His body might be left to share
A grave on battle ground."

For him could sorrow be denied?
Could France lament in vain?
Full many a hardy bosom sigh'd,
When Pierre the loyal chieftain died
On Romagnano's plain.

E'en tears were shed from Bourbon's eye,
Ere Bayard sunk to sleep:
"Oh! shed them not for me, I die
For country!" was his loyal cry:
"For victory rather weep!"

Thus fled as noble, great a mind,
As e'er fill'd hist'ry's page.
That fame which Bayard left behind,
Shall, wafted, live in ev'ry wind,
And fresh in ev'ry age.

THE LOSS OF THE "SOLWAY," WEST INDIAMAN MAIL STEAMER.

I.

'Twas Spring, and softly fell the night
With sable gloom around,
When Duncan left Corunna's height,
For Western islands bound.

II.

His ship, of Britain's art the pride,
Rode o'er the waters free,
With wealth, and many a soul beside,
To its deep destiny.

III.

And soon the vessel, "Solway" named,
With all her precious store,
Took leave of land in story famed,
But to return no more!

IV.

The wind was fair, the depths were still,
And most, with weary eye,
To rest were gone: no thought of ill,
Or insecurity

V.

Disturb'd the tranquil mind's repose,
Nor chill'd the bosom's glow,
Of all who'd breathed a prayer for those
They'd left and loved; when, lo!

VI.

At midnight's solemn hour, when most
Enjoy'd their placid sleep,
Aroused were all the helpless host,
By "danger on the deep."

VII.

"She strikes!" the hardy seaman cries:
"Untimely death we share."
Distract, awakening sinners rise
With look of wild despair.

VIII.

Oh! can imagination paint
The struggling bosom's swell?—
Describe the sinking soul's complaint?—
The piercing last farewell?—

IX.

The fervent, momentary pray'r,
Above th' ingulfing wave?—
The self-condemn'd, with frenzied stare,
As hurried to the grave?

X.

Wild, to the pinnace vainly fly
Too many, life to save:
'Tis overborne, and instantly
It sinks beneath the wave!

XI.

Again another launch is made;
When sixty souls and more,
Awe-struck and speechless, are convey'd
In safety to the shore.

XII.

Yet some remain; and harrowing
It is to think, that there
How many fail'd, with frantic spring,
The crowded boat to share!

XIII.

How mute was each convulsive lip!
And then a wild shriek heard!
A moment's pause!—and how the ship
Went down like ocean bird!

XIV.

Few to the highest topmast cling,
And grasp the ropes in vain;
Whilst some below are struggling,
In short, but stifling pain.

XV.

Now floating on the misty air,
Like note of lone sea-bird,
From hearts o'erwhelm'd in depth of care,
The wailing sigh is heard

XVI.

Of those preserved: they look around;
But none the spot can tell,
Where struck the ship, o'er treach'rous ground
Borne by the current's swell.

XVII.

Oh! 'twas a fearful sight, to view,
At break of wish'd-for morn,
A sorrowing, awe-stricken crew,
Upon the wide waves borne.

XVIII.

The sun's all-cheering beams arise
O'er sea, with sorrow rife,—
O'er all bereft of earthly ties,
The destitute in life.

XIX.

Oh! think not, when the way seems fair,
And Nature's lull'd to sleep,
No trouble can be lurking there
No danger in the deep!

XX.

And ne'er on human aid rely,—
On man's inventive skill:
There can be no security
But in Almighty Will.

SPRING.

The Spring returns by God's all-bounteous grace,
And Nature smiles on ev'ry tree and flow'r:
Mankind, though still a disobedient race,
He yet permits to greet the vernal hour.

How great to Him the gratitude we owe!
The foliage bursting from the time-worn stem,
The lilies still that in the valleys grow,
Repeat the all-cheering truth—He cares for them.

And yet the new-born year, with charm serene,
Fails to revive the drooping hearts of some,
Who, by the blasts o'er Winter's barren scene,
Have lost the treasure of their earthly home.

The hearths, where parent, child, and friend would wait
The closing shadows of the day to cheer,
For ever gone! how far more desolate,
As hours increase, their vacancies appear!

Many a once all-joyous spirit's breaking,
On the dark current of affliction borne;
Whilst all around to energy is waking,
Roused by the small bird's song and smiling morn.

For them, no more the verdant meads disclose
The cheering prospect, as in bygone years;
But still to them the meanest flow'r that grows,
Bids thought and feeling rise, too deep for tears.

And why should all not greet returning Spring,
The golden east proclaiming jocund day?
Oh! why should some so soon be withering,
Deprived of joy a solitary ray?

All must decay: a wintry hour must come,
We know not when; but its advance is sure.
Life's varied course unruffled is to some;
While some, how much of suffering endure!

One may behold, on Hope's seducing wing,
A summer, autumn, and a green old age;
But oft, how soon does winter follow spring,
And close the story of our pilgrimage!

E'en at the most a few short years—a span!
Cling as we may to human aid, we must
Obey the sentence pass'd on fallen man,
And yield our bodies to their native dust.

But firm in faith, the humbled creature dies,
Trusting a purer fadeless spring to share,
Far, far above the azure plains, where sighs
Are never heard upon the tranquil air.

1842.

TO A BIRD SINGING ON SOPHY'S GRAVE.

Sing on, sweet bird, your melody:
Here, in the churchyard, far and free
From busy life's unfeeling throng,
There's nothing to disturb your song.

No little crumb have I for thee,
For thine unsullied sympathy;
There's nothing from this barren land,
That I can give with grateful hand.

In this lone place, how few can share
Thy welcoming in hallow'd air!
Then tell me, pretty, cheerful thing,
Why dost thou tarry here, and sing?

True, there is nothing hov'ring near,
To startle tim'rous eye or ear;
Yet, tell me why dost thou prolong
In desert spot your joyous song?

Perhaps, by Nature's gift imbued
With that rare bounty—gratitude!
Remembering once the hand that gave,
You greet the morn o'er Sophy's grave.

Her care it was, by yonder lawn,
When hoar-frost clad the furze and thorn,
To feed, with ever-willing love,
The craving songster of the grove.

With sadder soul *I* greet thee, bird;
For I have loved, as I have heard
The selfsame note with her in spring,
Above whose resting-place you sing.

If thou could'st trust me, I'd engage
To cherish thee: no narrow cage
Should cramp your gen'rous liberty;
But thou should'st live as joyous and as free!

NORA (AGED FOUR) IN EXETER CATHEDRAL.

"Tell me, papa," my little child,
Sweet Nora, said, in whisper mild,
As in the vaulted aisle she sat,
Alone, by me,—"What form is that?"—

Before, in such a solemn place
She had not been. Her infant face,
Her innocent, inquiring eye,
Was rich in pure serenity;
But yet a look of awe was there—
A soul subdued by inward pray'r:
And, as the music louder swell'd,
More firm my hand with hers she held.

Her earnest look at once defied
The least evasion.—I replied—
"That form, my little innocent,
Is but an ancient monument!
The figure hath not life nor breath;
It merely marks a grave beneath."

Then Nora look'd on me, and said,
"Mamma is in the churchyard laid!

And she is gone to God, you say;
Oh! tell me, dear papa, I pray,
When we are dead and gone, shall we
Within the church or churchyard be?
I'm sure, if I am good, papa,
You'll let me be with my mamma."

My eyes were fill'd; I could not see
The cherub lips that spake to me;
But, as I press'd them to my face,
Her warm, devotional embrace
Convinced me, she felt sure that I
Would, if within my power, comply.

LITTLE VOICE.

Though long hath ceased a little voice,
With winning charm my way to cheer,
Which made my weary soul rejoice,
When darkest sorrow hover'd near:
How oft methinks, as all alone,
With wandering foot and aching brain
I struggle on, I hear a tone
Of that same little voice again!

'Tis then, although the loneliest thing
That creeps among the gathering throng
Of careless hearts, my thoughts take wing,
As if aroused by holiest song!
'Tis then, above the grovelling way
Of man's unwilling sympathy,
Fresh as the breeze at peep of day,
The heart renews its former glee.

Beats it not high then, far beyond
The dull and cold, the grave and real;
When Mem'ry bids it not despond
For treasure lost, 'mid things ideal?
Though trouble then would weigh me down,
If I but hear that little voice,
Despite the gloom of fortune's frown,
My spirit shall, as erst, rejoice.

"PORTRAIT CHARMANT."

I.

O CHARMING portrait of one loved so dear!
Pledge of fond love, by love alone obtain'd!
In thee my greatest treasure is regain'd,
And life returns when I behold thee here.

II.

Bless'd skill to bring thee back! Oh! magic pow'r!
Some disappointed heart created thee,
To lighten its o'erwhelming misery,
And charm away the solitary hour.

III.

There are her features, innocent and fair—
There her expression—there the winning smile;
And as I press them to my heart, the while
I feel the lost original is there.

IV.

But thou hast not the same dear charm—oh, no!
Thou silent witness of my fond distress:
And, calling back my transient happiness,
You only make the tear more freely flow.

V.

Forgive this language—so unjust! forgive
  Reproach, occasioned by my deep regret!
  Thou art not happiness, O picture! yet
How oft thou mak'st the image of it live!

THE CHILD AND THE KANGAROO.

(From the French.)

"Mamma," said, one day, a Peruvian child,
To the tenderest mother that ever yet smiled,
As he sat on her knee,
"What creature, I wonder,
Is that which I see
A capering yonder,
In the midst of the heath, with the little ones near?—
It looks like a fox." "No," says she; "'tis, my dear,
A kangaroo mother,
Whose little ones share,
Each one with another,
Most vigilant care.
No mother hath e'er for her children more love,
And her feelings of tenderness nature doth prove;
For a cradle she carries through life so complete,
It can keep her young pets from the cold and the heat:
And for safety and succour, they never once fail
There to hang round her heart when dangers assail.
Make a noise," said mamma to her son, "and you'll see
Where the young kangaroos will immediately be."
The boy his hands clapp'd,
And the old kangaroo,

In watchfulness wrapp'd,
Made a cry would pierce through
The hardest of hearts; then each young one, so fleet,
Gave a hop and a bound to its wonted retreat;
And soon, in her pouch, did the tenderest mother
All fear in the hearts of her little ones smother.
Thus all disappear,
And off mamma goes,
With her treasures so dear,
To a place of repose.
Then said the Peruvian mother: "My son,
Whatever misfortune, as life hastens on,
May fall to your share, on this truth you may rest—
The best refuge is found in a fond mother's breast."

THE SWISS GIRL ON THE BANKS OF THE LAKE.

(From the French.)

The fragrance of flowers embalms this retreat,
And the night dews descend with soft, silent feet;
The pure lake is still, and the air is serene,
The full peace of evening is spread o'er the scene.
O my country! my country! my heart for thee glows,
Thou source from whence all my true happiness flows!

Then come my companions; with me pass away
The loveliest close to the loveliest day:
Whilst echo shall ring through the mountains above,
This song of the gentlest devotion and love—
O my country! my country! my heart for thee glows,
Thou source from whence all my true happiness flows!

Through the slumbering leaves the moonbeams now play,
And announce the return of my fond one this way:
From the distance already I hear his sweet voice,
Repeating in turn, but in accents more choice,—
O my country! my country! my heart for thee glows,
Thou source from whence all my true happiness flows!

"THE SWALLOW AND THE EXILE."

(From the French.)

Why dost thou fly me, wand'ring bird?
Oh! stay thy wing for me!
Since thou my lonely voice hast heard
Hast thou no sympathy?

Perhaps from some more genial earth,
From Friendship's hand, as free
As thine own home and place of birth,
Thou hast been driven, like me;

Perhaps by tyrant hand oppress'd.
But stay—no longer fear:
Am not I exiled?—then, thy nest
Build by my window here.

In this lone spot, our equal fate
Whispers we should not part:
Am I not now as desolate
A stranger as thou art?

THOUGHTS IN THE NEW FOREST.

In few short months, when leaves return,
And blossom on the tree,
The simplest traveller may learn
Of his eternity.
Dull winter past, each unclad stem,
New deck'd, will then revive:
The soul most heedless, seeing them,
Must wonder how they thrive.

So shall the fairest form we see,
Of youth's all-genial clime,
Or riper age, like yonder tree,
Have its own winter time.
Our summer gone, how soon we fade,
Like all around so bare,
To spring again!—but how array'd?—
To live again!—but where?

AFTER MOORE.

Whisperings borne o'er shady grove,
At lonely hour, to cheer us;
Voices heard of home and love;
And twilight bringing near us
Hearts swelling,
Love telling—
Things cherish'd,
Long perish'd;—
All that's with our summer gone,
And now in mem'ry dwelling.

Toilings far away for some
New prospect fair to meet us;
Footsteps weary turn'd to home,
Where none remain to greet us;
Tears stealing,
From feeling;
Hearts sinking,
With thinking;—
Ah! old age! how lone you come!
Without a joy revealing!

AFTER CAMPBELL.

At Ascot once, when race-time came,
Would man unknown, and man of fame,
Join in the sports, and in the game
Of thimble-rigging roguery.

But now the Heath another sight
Displays; and men of straw and might
Go there: but there is small delight
Without the *artful-dodgery!*

No longer "rouge-et-noir" is there
The cit and bumpkin to ensnare,
Whilst they would seem, with knowing air,
Quite "wide awake" in trickery!

To ape the fastest man of town,
No puppy sports his half-a-crown;
Which, quick as he could throw it down,
Would slide off in the mystery.

Roulette is gone, and ev'ry game
Of chance that ever had a name:
In short, the *Heath* is very tame
Without its *common* foolery.

LITTLE STAR.

I.

I LOVE to watch thee, little star;
When looking back to years, how far!
I find, whilst all things changed have been,
Thou still continuest as first seen.

II

Friends have changed, and broken ties
Have lessen'd nature's sympathies;
The merry face of youth has gone;
But thou remainest twinkling on!

III.

I love to see thee, little star,
So pure and constant, yet so far!
For, whether time goes well or ill,
Thou art the same, and cheerful still.

IV.

And yet, since first thy light o'er me
Was shed, in wond'ring infancy,
How many from this world of care
Have pass'd away—we know not where!

V.

We know not!—for from mortal eyes
'Tis hid, till Time's last sun shall rise;
When those who would not love while here,
Will be for ever doom'd to fear.

VI.

I love to watch thee, little star;
And, gazing, "wond'ring what you are,"
I often think some hearts with thee
Watch o'er this troubled world, and me.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE BREEZE.

(WRITTEN BY AN OLD TREE.)

I.

THERE'S music in the breeze to-day—
A fresh and merry song;
The young leaves through the branches play:
Beneath, a joyous throng,
Methinks with tones of olden time,
And looks devoid of care,
Now mingles with the zephyr's chime
True mirth in summer air.

II.

Old faces smile around yon stem:
It makes my spirit glow,
To sit me down and look at them;
At least, I fancy so!
For all have gone from me, alas!
Some fled, and some laid low;
And stranger hearts come there, to pass
The leisure moment now.

III.

Old Jem looks on, with tearful gaze,
  Awhile the village boys
Pursue the old time-honour'd plays—
  The still-same youthful joys;
Then turning off to tend his flock,
  He thinks, the fields across,
Of friends of youth in May-day frock,—
  Of many a true one's loss.

IV.

But blow, ye summer breezes, blow!
  Ye cannot come unkind,
Since ye do bring to spirit low
  Old voices in the wind.
And in the shade thy branches give,
  Old tree! and shelt'ring boughs,
The sounds of home for ever live,
  And new-made lovers' vows.

"THE UNION."

See yonder pile, on rising land!
It marks an age refined!
Such is the home, by Freedom's hand,
For failing poor design'd!
With outward show of glist'ning taste,
It mocks the lone one's tears:
Within, the with'ring faster waste—
The wrecks of toiling years!

No hand of fellowship is there,
The sinking form to raise;
No look, to charm the scanty fare,
From friend of other days:
Of late it was, for kindred poor
The closing day to be
In gossip, by the almshouse door,
But harmless company.

There would they tell of deed of fame,—
Of feat by neighbour won;
There would *they* boast, who in the game
All others had outdone!
What small relief, in modern state,
Attends the worn of time!
What smile beams through the prison grate,
Now poverty's a crime!

"A union house" such place they call!
As if 'twere in derision:
It seems to me, to *sum* up all,
A home of *long* division!
For no more there, a neighbour's care
Can pain or sorrow soften:
In kindnesses, the poorest are
The brightest patterns often!

They ne'er have known the small relief
To woe, like favour'd one;
They are not taught to feel for grief
Of others by their own:
Then go, ye sons of wealth or pride,
Within the humblest dwelling;
You'll find, the scantiest thatch *may* hide
The tend'rest bosom swelling.

Go not to prison home like this,
Though grand and fair without!
The poor need no such edifice—
A world to talk about!
Oh! turn from such, with look of shame,
Toward the free creation;
And blush to think, that Freedom's name
But soundeth in the nation.

FABLES.

ÆSOP IN VERSE.

THE FOX AND VISOR.

As Reynard once, in days of old,
Was in a shop where masks were sold,
On one of them his paw he laid;
And whilst reflecting how 'twas made,
Succeeded, in his curious fit,
At last to put his foot in it.
He then exclaim'd, with flippant tone,
Regardless of the damage done,
"Bless me! how smooth a phiz and fair!
To make it, great has been the care!
What pity, after all the pains,
The pretty creature has no brains!"

Moral.

The world, it truly may be said,
Is but a gen'ral masquerade:

And many faces that we see,
So winning in society ;
And many heads, that have the credit
Of *topping up* a man of merit ;—
Would, if examined, 'tis quite clear,
As brainless as the mask appear.

THE SHEEP AND STAG.

Said a stag to a sheep, in accents most sweet,
"Pray, give me the loan of a bushel of wheat:
The risk, there is none; for a surety I've found
In dear Mr. Wolf, who consents to be bound."
"Indeed!" quoth the sheep, with a wink in its eye,
Suspecting the case was "*a do*" on the sly:
"Your friend, who's so kind as to act thus for you,
Will find an escape, like Attorney or Jew;
Whilst you, by the help of feet nimble and light,
Can pack up your all, and be soon out of sight!
Then where for redress would my woolly sides hunt,
For the bushel of wheat, or its value in *blunt?*"

Moral.

Be cautious, whenever requested to lend
Your goods or your money to neighbour or friend;
For this you'll find true, ev'ry day more and more,
That wolves stand on two legs, as much as on four!

THE BEAR AND THE BEES.

A BEAR came o'er a fence one noon,
Where bees were working under;
And then the rogue began full soon
The honied store to plunder!
The bees then moved at so much harm
And mischief done, together
Attack'd old Bruin, in a swarm,
And *tickled up his leather.*

Each busily its utmost tried,
As if 'twere for a wager,
To tease the features and the hide
Of pilf'ring Ursa Major.
In vain could skin such onslaught bear!
He claw'd it into cracks;
And thus he suffer'd everywhere
For meddling with the wax!

MORAL.

How some will oft in injury
To others find delight,

Some wanton wish to gratify,
  Or selfish appetite!
But oft the actors of such wrong,
  By unforeseen event,
Find that their crime doth bear along
  Its own sure punishment.

THE INSIDE AND THE OUT.

In time beyond the memory of man,
A great contention loud and fierce began
Between the body and the members each,
Who then enjoy'd the faculty of speech.
The members swore it justified their strife,
That one so big should lead an idle life,
And spend and squander all their store away,
The produce of their labour day by day!
The outside then resolved to cut things short,
And make the inside his own state support:
So each in purpose firm at once did rise,
And resolution pass'd to stop supplies.
The hands for him would neither cut nor carve,
The mouth would shut up shop, and he should starve!
The eyes no more would keep a good look out,
And legs no longer carry him about!
And thus, with all their stratagems and tricks,
The *out*side put the *in*side in a fix!
This compact, so republican, was held,
Till each short-sighted member that rebell'd,
Found, to his cost, he could hold out no longer;
And that, in fact, the inside was the stronger;—
That, though so lazy he might seem to be,
He brought the state as much utility

As all the rest : and so they lost the *rub*,
With all their *tricks*, to stop *free trade in grub ;*
And found beside, in spite of strong objection,
They dared not fail to give the state protection.

Moral.

Though man against his fellow-man may turn,
And trust to self a livelihood to earn,
He'll find too soon that he can never thrive
By self alone ! To live, he must let live !
No class has ever, since the world was made,
Been known to thrive without another's aid.

THE HAWK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

As sat a nightingale alone,
Singing with melodious tone,
Beneath the thick and mellow shade
A venerable oak had made,
His note, so full of melody,
A distant hawk attracted nigh,
One who, o'er meadows far away,
Was poized and watching for his prey.
The hawk with speed did quickly gain
The spot from whence the pleasing strain
Was warbled forth; then, by the throat,
He stopp'd the small musician's note,
And, with his talons threatening, there
Bade him at once for death prepare.
"Alas!" says he; "for mercy's sake,
No mean advantage of me take!
Do not so barbarous a thing,
As take my life because I sing!
I never did to any wrong;
And look's it well, that one so strong
Should crush a frame so weak as mine,
To serve a stomach big as thine?
Nay, rather on another spring,
More large and lusty on the wing;

'Twould gain you credit more a deal,
And give you, too, a better meal."
The hawk replied—"This argument,
Though strong, will change not my intent:
I've been upon the search all day
For food, and, with all truth, can say,
I ne'er discover'd smallest bit,
Till I found out where now you sit!
If I should grant you liberty,
Which would the simpler creature be?"

Moral.

He who the present lets slip by,
Deserves no opportunity!
Throw not a single chance away—
It may not come another day!
Yet do not vainly try to gain
A prize which you can ne'er obtain:
By acting thus, though *done* at last,
Remorse will not succeed the past.

THE ONE-EYED DOE.

A DOE, that only had one eye,
Resolved from dang'rous paths to fly,
And seek for *grub* beside the sea,
Beneath the cliffs' security.
One day, whilst grazing 'long the coast,
And making of spare food the most,—
Her dark side turn'd toward the spray,
The other keeping a survey
Of all the headlands round about,
Lest man or beast should find her out,—
A crafty *cove*, with two or three
As cunning in his company,
Who'd found out poaching for the doe,
O'er hill and dale, was "*all no go*,"
At last took boat, and, from the sea,
Came down upon her suddenly;
Then shot her dead, ere she could cry out,
"I'm gone for ever—with my eye out!"

MORAL.

Through life there's such uncertainty,
From dangers none are ever free:

Though we may keep a weather eye
Well out, some trouble, on the sly,
Comes on us thick ; and, when we've caught it,
All we can say, is—"Who'd have thought it?"
E'en those who are most wide-awake,
Misfortune will at times o'ertake!
And oft the self-sufficient find,
Like others, they've a side that's blind!

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.

It happened once, an angry broil
  Commenced, with language harsh,
Between two worthies of the soil,
  'Bout "right of way" or marsh.
One, Mr. Frog, his title flat
  Would boast from ancient house;
Whilst clear descent from ere a rat (Ararat)
  Was urged by Mr. Mouse.

Then fierce engagements, short and sweet,
  Between the *nobs* arose;
And one, more nimble with his feet,
  More smartly dealt his blows:
The other then, when such were aim'd,
  And he could *twig the start*,
Would spring away, like many famed
  In pugilistic art.

Thus, one excelling more in strength,
  And one on foot more fleet,
They both agreement sign'd, at length,
  In nobler fight to meet,—
With pistol or high-temper'd blade,
  With foils or single-sticks,—
Till dead should one or both be laid,
  As door nails or as bricks.

Now, as with seconds off they went,
And each his bottle-holder,
To give or suffer punishment,
Their *pluck* not getting bolder:
By some secluded dell or creek,
Just suited for the sport,
A Kite appear'd, with all his beak,
And cut the combat short.

His duty bound him, day by day,
To hang about and watch,
To stop, like artful bird of prey,
All coming to *the scratch*:
He took them both to *limbo* nigh,
Then to some justice wise,
Who sent them on to be tried by
The judges of assize.

Moral.

When passion's let to have its start,
What weak points it exposes!
Some people smote on hinder part,
And others pulling noses!
Beware, then, not for party's sake,
To let contentions rise,
Lest some one should advantage take,
And catch you by surprise.

THE LION AND THE FROG.

A LION having heard a row,
And seeing no one started,
He listen'd, and he said, "As how!
I feel as timid as a cow,
And very chicken-hearted."

But whilst he sat, with puzzled brain,
A frog appear'd in sight:
Quoth Nero, "You sha'n't croak again!"
Then, rising up with all his *mane*,
Crush'd it with all his *might*.

MORAL.

A sudden noise, however small,
Oft jars the senses through
Of some who can't a reason call
For cause of it; and then they fall
In panic and a stew.

And, child-like though it seems to be,
They seize the first door's handle,
And try "*to cut*," especially
When all alone, and cannot see
The way to find a candle.

Alarm, when once it taketh root,
How few are ever able
To make the trembling heart recruit
Its pluck and spirit ! like the brute
Or lion in the fable.

Yet there are those of courage found,
From idle fears exempt,
Who nerve themselves, with spirit sound,
And crush, like "Nero," to the ground,
All terror with contempt.

SONGS.

SONGS.

UP! AND LET US HASTE AWAY!

Up! and let us haste away!
The birds are chirping gay, boy:
Better far to meet the day,
Than on the couch to stay, boy.
Up! then, up! and let us fly!
For moments will not wait, boy:
Mirth but comes with Morning's eye,
And sorrow ne'er too late, boy.

List, oh! list! and hear the lark
Jocund day proclaiming, boy:
Joy that comes when day is dark,
Is not worth the naming, boy.
Up! and let us claim a share
Of new-made Morning's song, boy:
Too soon it cannot come; for care
Will ever tarry long, boy.

Haste, and see the sunbeams sport
  Above the furthest hill, boy:
Summer time is very short,
  And smiles are shorter still, boy;
Manhood's day will soon be nigh,
  Life's noon, with dimmer ray, boy;
And gloom around Morning's eye
  Can never chase away, boy.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

I.

Adieu to the Old Year! its story is told;
And again we're permitted to see
Another New Year, which returns, as of old,
To the young and the prosperous and free!—
To all with new blessings—fresh hopes—doth it come:
So away with the sigh and the tear,
Whilst I pledge to each one that gladdens my home,
Ev'ry joy with a happy New Year!

II.

Long, long cherish'd words, as they fall on the ear,
What a charm, what remembrance they bring
Of moments when merriest spirits were here,
In the bloom of their own happy spring!
There's many have faded,—how soon!—and have gone;
But their mirth's left in mem'ry, to cheer
The hearts that must miss them: so let ev'ry one,
O'er the past, greet a happy New Year.

III.

Look round, and behold in the innocent smile,
In the sport, and the childhood of some,
Resemblance of others who cheer'd us the while,
And enliven'd our hearts and our home.
Is such not a blessing—a privilege left?
Look again, and say, have we not here
Old faces, and loved ones?—then never bereft
Should we feel in another New Year!

IV.

Then fill, fill the glass! good old rules I'll maintain,
Be the world e'er so given to new:
What matter our troubles, misfortune, or pain,
If our old friends continue still true?
Though time may go hard,—no exertion may win
Ev'ry prize we may seek and hold dear—
If fond hearts be stanch, we can never give in,
But rejoice in a happy New Year.

"FLOREAT ETONA!"

I.

On glancing back to boyhood's day,
How many thoughts arise,
Which bring, with their subduing sway,
A tear to manhood's eyes!
But through the dew there's nought appears
To brighten life, and sweeten,
So much, as one small peep in years
That we have pass'd at Eton.

Chorus.

Then pledge the bowl, with grateful soul,
To Eton; praise be shown her!
Whilst each old boy, with honest joy,
Shouts—"Floreat Etona!"

II.

Round Henry's shade, where oft we stray'd
Ere we began to beat on
Our road to dust, we'd no distrust;
The world was true at Eton!

'Neath her old trees, a summer breeze
Kept pain and care away;
Few false hearts there would place a snare
In life's short holiday!
Then pledge the bowl, &c.

III.

Small trouble lurk'd in Western's Yard,
No copy writ or suitor;
Though consequences came full hard,
When any shirk'd his tutor.
We knew no ill, save one *small* bill,
To settle on demand made;
And when 'twas due, with hónour true,
'Twas met, and ne'er a *stand* made.
Then pledge the bowl, &c.

IV.

There's many gone, who join'd the fun
At football or at cricket,
Who since have toil'd, and never won
A goal, or got a wicket.
But many in our bumpers live,
Who've been renown'd in story;
And many yet remain, who'll give
A wreath to Eton's glory.

CHORUS.

With warmth the most, then drink the toast
To Eton; praise be shown her!
Whilst each old boy, with new-made joy,
Shouts—"Floreat Etona!"

"UNCLE."

(Tune—"The Heart bow'd down.")

I.

When forced abroad, in *seedy* dress,
To show, for want of *browns ;*
And, like a vessel in distress,
To scud along *the downs ;*—
In vain to relatives we send,
For most of them have flown ;
But "Uncle," he's the only friend
That poverty can own.

II.

The cast-a-drift, whilst he despairs,
Through life's successive squalls,
Unto a little nook repairs,
Where hang three golden balls :
'Tis there the wreck'd, and all the sort
Who are on beam-ends thrown,
Find "Uncle"—and the only *port*
That poverty can own.

III.

The *cove,* of better days run out,
On trouble's billows cast,
Whilst flound'ring 'neath *the waterspout,*
Is forced *to spout* at last.
In narrow straits which have no end
Or turning, there is none
But "Uncle" who remains the friend
That poverty can own.

(For after Dinner.)

IV.

Then drink to "Uncle", and the balls,
Which hang with cheering sway,
More dazzling than the one St. Paul's
Shows on a sunny day.
Why balls but three should meet our glance,
For certain none have known,
Except, they tell us, "Uncle's" chance
Is always *two to one.*

SONG TO THE STRAIT-LACED.

(Tune—"Paddy Whack.")

I.

Oh! what is the diff'rence so long as we're happy!
This world's full of strange contradictions, depend;
Some live on Bohea, and some live on *Black Strappy*,
And some on *Blue Ruin*—but it's one in the end!

II.

What's the odds so we're happy?—our day is but short;
And a spree now and then needn't always offend:
But some are so over-good grown, that the sport
Of Old England's choked—but it's one in the end!

III.

At balls and at parties some glory in shaking
Their toe, or their voice, with a lass or a friend;
But now it is sinful set steps to be making,
And playing the agreeable—but it's one in the end!

IV.

Sir Roger de Coverley's quite out of fashion,
The "*boulanger*" now is ne'er known to unbend,
The thought of a reel sets the blood in a passion;
"They are not *recherché*"—but they're one in the end!

V.

An old country dance is too vulgar to think of,
It is not *distingué* enough, they pretend;
A bowl of good punch is too common to drink of;
But what is the odds?—'tis all one in the end!

VI.

'Tis both'ring quite, to think what some are driving at;
Ancient and laudable customs offend;
Reform, we are told, we shall soon be arriving at;
Yet humbug will ever be one in the end!

VII.

A fig then for those who'd secure in their trammels,
But guests at a "*tea-and-turn-out*" to attend;
They stickle at gnats, making nothing of camels;
But what does it matter?—it's one in the end!

VIII.

Oh! banish all show, and pretence to be better
Than others: soon then would society mend;
And Old England, freed from a cankering fetter,
Would see her sons live, as of old, to the end!

WHO'S WHO?

(Tune—"Fanny Gray.")

Who's who in 1849?
Oh! say, ere time advances;
For many now, who *cut it fine,*
Are straiten'd in finances.
Old '48 so strange has gone,
And made so much ado,
That ev'ry one, to ev'ry one,
May well say, "Who are you?"
That ev'ry one, to ev'ry one,
May well say, "Who are you?"

Old Time has had a rattling fling,
Too desperate to relate,
One day he's made a *railway king,*
The next upset a state.
The old world seems stark staring mad,
With exits and expulsions,
As if a second childhood had
Attack'd it with convulsions;
As if a second childhood had
Attack'd it with convulsions.

Poor Louis Phil first had a spill
From off his throne of France;
He'd not retrench, so lost his bench,
His pride and circumstance.
Who's who with Lou? when, in a stew,
He scarce could say, "Odd, rot 'em!"
His pluck all lost, the sea he cross'd
Upon a British bottom;
His pluck all lost, the sea he cross'd
Upon a British bottom.

The Pope no longer, as of yore,
"Leads on a happy life;"
But one dim day was shown the door,
By bodkin and by knife,
Away he cuts, and fain though dolorous would Tiber swim;
For nothing in his *Capitol*
Seem'd *capital* to him;
For nothing in his *Capitol*
Seem'd *capital* to him.

Who's Lamartine, and all that's green?
As they come in, they fly out.
The mighty Russ has had no fuss,
Because he kept his eye out.
Yet still who's who in government,
With emperors or kings?
For France they've found *a president*
For such a state of things;

For France they've found *a president*
For such a state of things.

Who's who with Cuffy? who with Duffy?—
With Mitchel or O'Brien?—
Each man of might, who's talked of fight,
And then proved such a *shy-un?*
But yesterday, with noble bile,
They made rebellion frantic;
To-day, they're snug in durance vile,
Or crossing the Atlantic;
To-day, they're snug in durance vile,
Or crossing the Atlantic.

Who's who with great Feargus O'Connor, bloated with his Charter?
He stole away from Kennington,
And none e'er saw him arter.
Who's who with many a *nob* and *snob*,
Of their pretensions shorn?
Oh! who has gain'd a *bob* by Cobden and repeal on corn?
Oh! who has gain'd a *bob* by Cobden and repeal on corn?

And yet, trade free, full soon shall we
Need no more work for riches;
And all without must look about
A pocket for their breeches.

E'en "Uncle's" occupation's fled ;
He cries none need to pawn here,
When ev'ry wretch is thickly spread
With gold from California ;
When ev'ry wretch is thickly spread
With gold from California.

So Frolic's time and change severe
Sets anxious bosoms burning ;
When wearied mind thinks ruin near,
There opens some new turning.
We cannot say what future may
The darkest cloud peep through ;
We cannot reckon on a day,
Or calculate who's who.
We cannot reckon on a day,
Or calculate who's who.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE BEFORE THE OPENING.

(Tune—"Roast Beef of Old England.")

The Palace of Crystal's the thing to be seen!—
The project of Albert (right well he doth mean).—
'Twill dazzle the natives so gullibly green!
Huzza for the Palace of Crystal of glorious 50 and 1!

You've heard of magnificent buildings of brass,
Of granite, or *Stucco;* but none can surpass
The one they're now making all over of glass.
Huzza for the Palace of Crystal of glorious 50 and 1!

Some say 'tis all humbug—*a regular do!*
To show our *Old* World there are many things *new!*
Great emblem that life's biggest schemes are *seen through!*
Huzza for the Palace of Crystal of glorious 50 and 1!

There men of all sorts and opinions will mix—
"*Half a doz'n of one kind—of t'other kind six,*"
All *Mes*-opotamians—lawk! what a fix!
Huzza for the Palace of Crystal of glorious 50 and 1!

There Cobden will welcome all-glorious *Paxton*,
and his work which John Bull *will not* tax!
Whilst soldiers will worship there—heroes in wax.
Huzza for the Palace of Crystal of glorious 50 and 1!

Then Army and Navy all gone to the *Deuce!*
And thousands of foreigners once here let loose,
The Palace will show them a *Middlesex Goose!*
Huzza for the Palace of Crystal of glorious 50 and 1

There Ma, who for choicest accomplishments hunts
For her daughters 'mong Frenchmen (*John Bull's such a Dunce*),
Will find suitors plenty with beards *à la Muntz.*
Huzza for the Palace of Crystal of glorious 50 and 1!

Then haste to the Show—there are sights past belief!
A *Quaker* in love—an *attorney* in grief!
A gem'man, apoth'cary, ploughboy, and thief!
Huzza for the Palace of Crystal of glorious 50 and 1!

Let's hope, ere this palace is raised up too high,
John Bull may just put up *his glass* to his eye;
Or else, "*who'd have thought it?*" he'll say by-and by;
"I'm *done* by this Palace of Crystal,
By a *glass too much, clearly* I'm done!"

THE SHOWMAN OF 1851.

(Tune—"Soho Bazaar.")

Folks, high and low, are all on the go—
To London they're bringing the *grist* all;
The world's in the Park, having its *lark:*
Walk into the Palace of Crystal—
Walk in, I pray, see the display;
It isn't "*no diddle,*" or fol de rol la!

No giants here, or pig with one ear,—
Dog Toby to lay down the law, sir;
No maiden with fins, or Siamese twins,
Or "live lions stuff'd out with straw," sir.
Walk in, I pray, &c.

Bartlemy fair is done, you declare,
By wonders you'll witness within now;
So brace up your ribs, and down with your *dibs,*
The show is a going to begin now.
Walk in, I pray, &c.

See, on yon shelf, the cork leg itself,
Which over all Europe went hopping;
Here's the steam arm, which caused such alarm,—
The identical *member for Wapping.*
Walk in, I pray, &c.

Here's a false nose—the very point shows
Of science, although 'tis but wooden ;
Here, model of lips, that never cry slips,
And a mummy that lies like a good-un.
Walk in, I pray, &c.

Here's the retreat, for inventors to meet,
That each other's brains they may scrape here ;
There's a *rum* ship, just off from the slip—
An out-and-out *poser* for Napier.
Walk in, I pray, &c.

If tired and *blown*, here's eau de Cologne,
Like best ginger beer from the fountain ;—
A great wedding-cake, took Etna to bake ;
And a nob of coal, big as the mountain.
Walk in, I pray, &c.

Now see above, a quaker in love—
Such *rigs*, who'd have thought he'd have been through !
A lawyer in grief, cut up *very brief :*
In glasshouses his tricks are seen through.
Walk in, I pray, &c.

A chancery bill, a sheet doesn't fill
Of foolscap—oh, law ! what a *do* now !
Stuff and silk gowns, for want of the *browns*,
A looking uncommonly *blue* now.
Walk in, I pray, &c.

The Show's the thing; for from it may spring
A lasting embrace with all Thrones there:
If rulers would dwell in glass houses, well,
They never would throw any stones there.
Walk in, I pray, &c.

Long life to the Queen—the best there's been,
Since Billy debark'd at Pevensey.
Here tyrants to spoil, and bigots to soil
Her land, will no true Englishmen see;
Walk in, I pray, &c.

But as we owe Prince Albert the Show,—
This building of vast elevations,—
Let's hope that it may, with prosperous sway,
Be a Great Exhibition of Nations.
Walk in, I pray, see the display;
It isn't "*no diddle,*" or fol de rol la!

THE END.

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